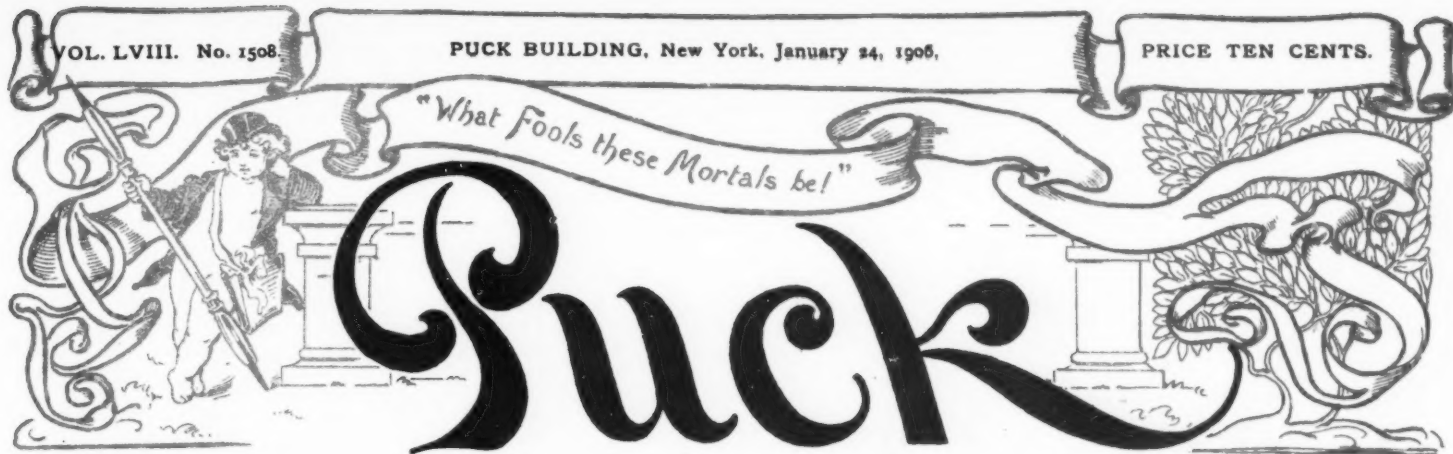


VOL. LVIII. No. 1508.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 24, 1906.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

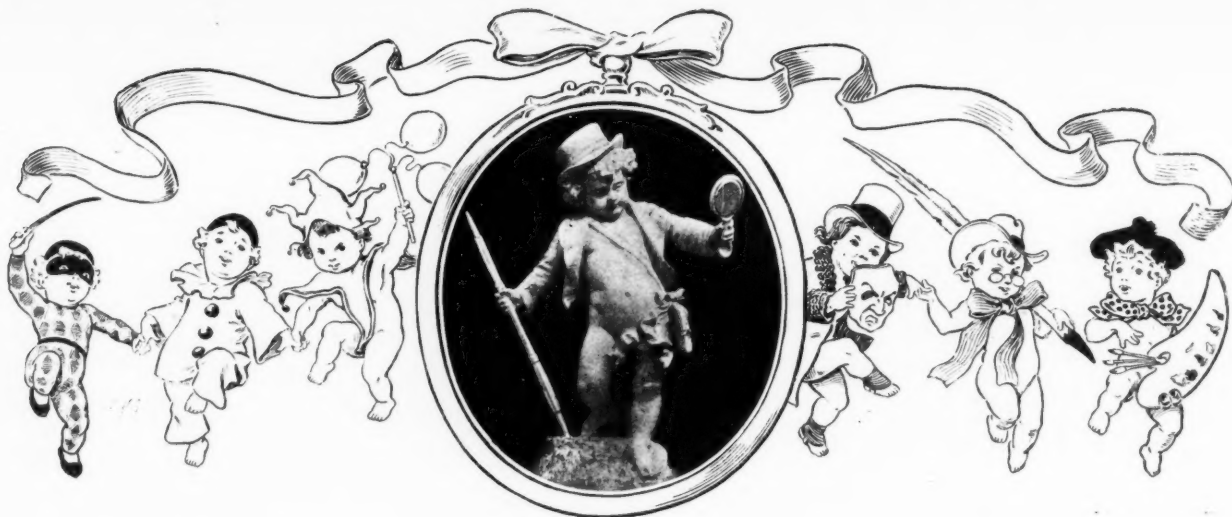


Copyright 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"Oh, Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter!
Hang your clothes on the hickory limb,
But—DON'T YOU GO NEAR THE WATER!!!"



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1508 WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IDA TARBELL and Ida Butts have each had a go at Standard Oil. Are there any other Idas at home like them?

THE LIBERAL Landslide in England held a hint about its person somewhere for the stalwart American Stand-Patter. We wonder if he got it.

WHAT DEPTHS of gratitude must Jester Depew have felt for Jester Rogers! For was it not Jester Rogers who pushed him out of the lime-light?

WHEN A MAN figures up the stubs of his check-book he is always surprised at the smallness of his bank balance. He always hopes it will be larger than he expects, but it never is.

WHEN, under the Elkins law, a railroad official is indicted for rebate-giving, he may be fined but not imprisoned, if convicted. The company pays the fine, the offender returns to his desk and next day there are other and more newsy things on the first pages of the papers. Now, honestly, would it dishearten a safe-cracker very much, do you think, if when caught with the goods, he was solemnly found guilty of disorderly conduct and sentenced to ten days in jail?

IT WAS a member of the Bible class who suggested boldly that "we devote less of the hour to music" and more to young Mr. Rockefeller. How can you devote less of the hour to music and more to young Mr. Rockefeller, when the terms are synonymous? When teacher speaks, the very organ stops voluntarily, and the upright piano sits down within its carved case. Music? What music is sweeter than that of the soloist whose voice has been oiled from childhood? Ah, if Father would only drop in some Sabbath afternoon and make it a duet!

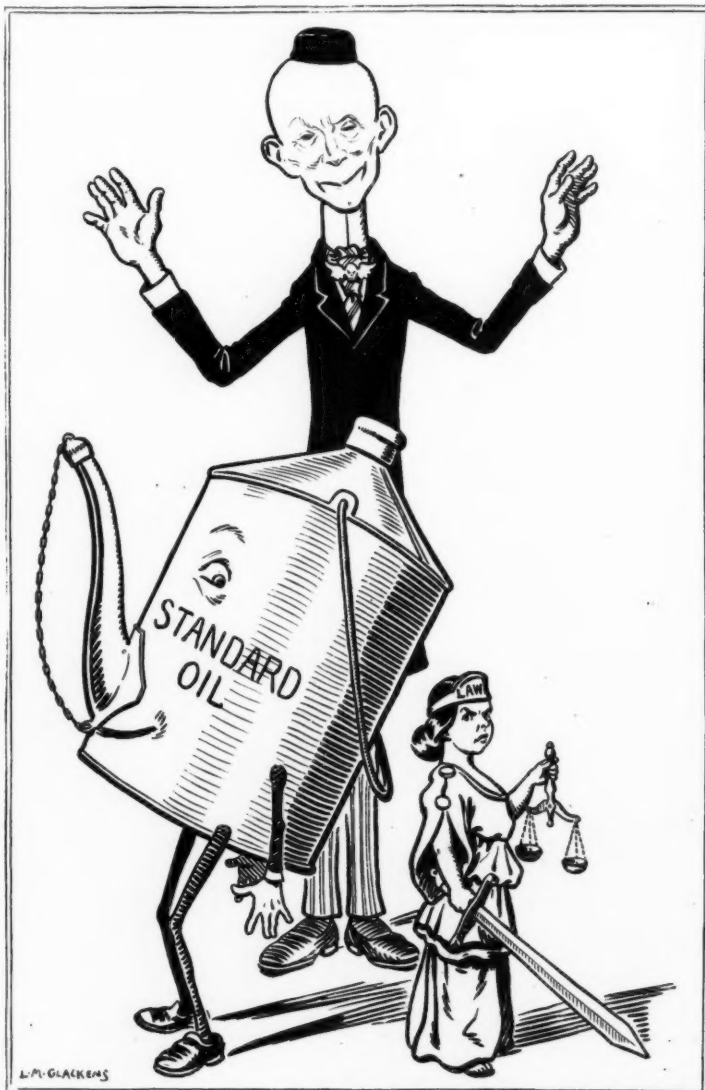
IT WAS all right, of course, for Col. Bryan to become a Datto. He is his own master. Only—and we say this in all kindness—when he comes back among us to resume his speeches, we trust for modesty's sweet sake that he will not wear his Datto uniform upon the platform.

A SUIT AGAINST Pa McCurdy, to recover part of the money paid to him as salary, is said to be a pleasing possibility. Come to think of it, a stipend of \$150,000 a year is rather more than most missionaries receive for their services.

"A PLAIN HEADACHE may be a sign of brain tumor," says Dr. Osler. Whereas a fancy headache may be a sign of falling off the wagon. Beware of fancy headaches!

A TRUSTED CLERK in Connecticut turned "Raffles," much to the astonishment of his employer. Probably he had seen Kyrle Bellew play the part and was carried away by the romance of the thing. There are no burglars nowadays; they are all Raffleses, thanks to the ingenious gentlemen who make crime much more fascinating than the old style dime novels.

MAXIMUM and minimum tariff, as defined in the McCleary Bill, is a conception worthy of the greatest of stand-pat minds. We have only to explain, in order to make this clear, that under the terms of the McCleary Bill, the Dingley rates are the minimum. An importer, bringing in goods from a country not hostile commercially to the United States, would thus be given the priceless privilege of paying no more in duty than he does at present. The tariff reformer at once takes heart, for he sees that the cause is not hopeless when concessions like this can be had.



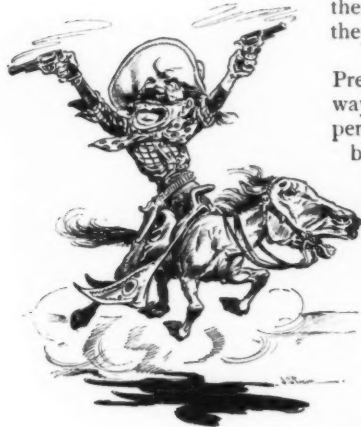
"WELL! WELL! HOW THAT CHILD OF MINE DOES GROW!"

PUCK

HOW TO SEE THE PRESIDENT.

DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.

A GREAT MANY people, like Mrs. Morris, have difficulty in obtaining an audience with President Roosevelt. If they are so fortunate as to get past the White House door they are almost instantly fired out again by some hired man, and the President does n't even know that they called.



Now, it is easy enough to get to the President if you go about it the right way. There are several right ways, but perhaps the best is to rig out as a cowboy, ride your broncho into the White House hall, and proceed to shoot up the place. If you call in the evening, shoot out the lights. When the hired man appears make him dance a few steps in the familiar fashion and then remark: "Now you hustle into Bad Lands Teddy and tell him Bobcat Bill wants to see him real partickler." But the chances are that the President will come running out as soon as the shooting begins. He knows better than anyone else the music of the whirling cylinder.

Another and less strenuous method of gaining an audience is to disguise yourself as a guide. A leather coat and a coonskin cap will suffice for make-up, and the merest hint to the hired man that you are Allygash Ike, or Penobscot Pete, will produce immediate results, even if a cabinet meeting is in progress.

Still another method, and one which ladies might employ, is to disguise one's self as a stork. A warm welcome is assured, and one may enter by any door or window.

Personally we like best the cowboy entrance, and we think that the President too prefers it.

If the tariff is the mother of the trusts, who shall complain? Is it not worth all it costs to have at least one mother whose children cherish her fondly after she has outlived her usefulness?

CONCLUSIVE.

"Now, look-a-here, 'Squire!" argumentatively began Hi Hilligoss, "about the regulation of the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission —"

"Aw, I settled all that yesterday afternoon, down at the post-office!" grumpily interrupted the Old Codger. "If you wasn't around you missed out on it, that's all! I have n't got time to settle it again to-day."

THE ESCAPE.

SHE awakes from a deep sleep to find the flames roaring and crackling all about her.

"Merciful heavens! am I lost?" she cries.

No. On the contrary. The fire, in point of fact, has heated her curling tongues to such a degree that she can make ready to effect her escape without the loss of a precious moment.

"How little we know!" she murmurs, when at last she is borne down the ladder, looking too sweet.

NEEDS PRAYING FOR.

MRS. PORKHAM (of Chicago).—I see that when them religious Turks pray they always turn their faces towards the East.

MR. PORKHAM.—Gosh! They must read the New York papers!



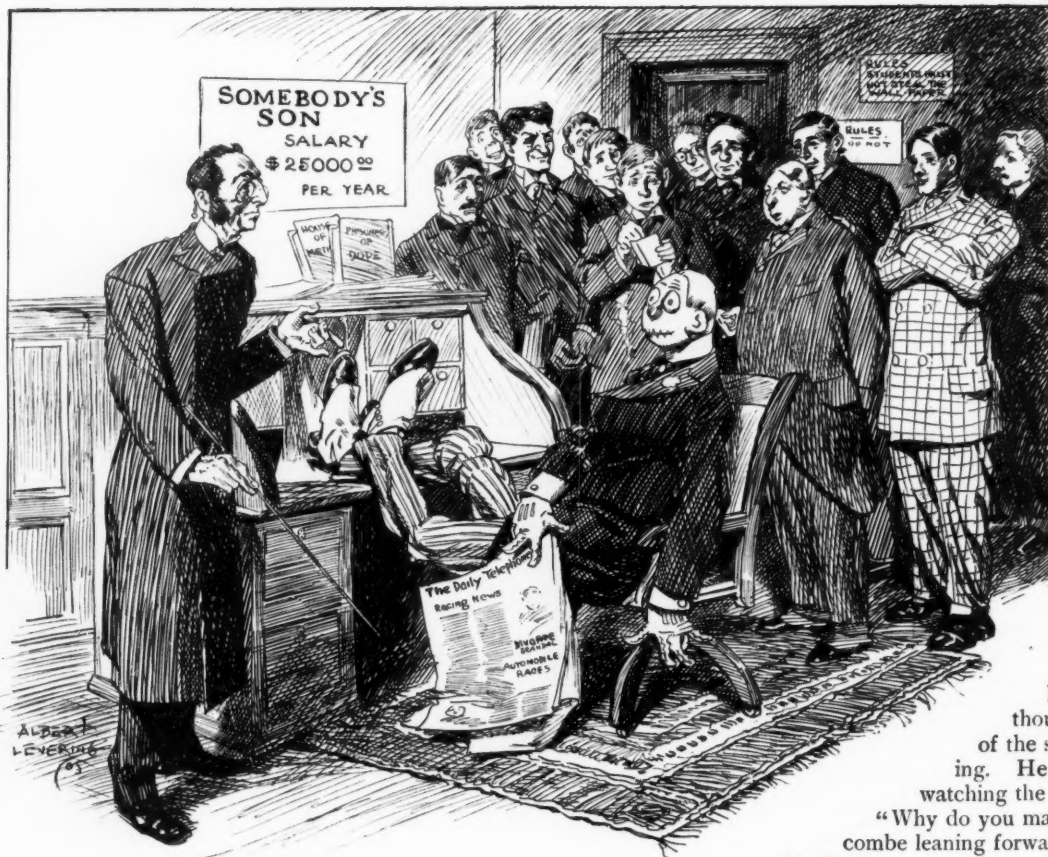
THE CORRECT THING IN SUBURBAN OVERCOATS.



I.
MORNING WEAR.



II.
EVENING WEAR.



THE FINAL PREPARATION.

BUSINESS COLLEGE TEACHER (to graduating class).—Now, young gentlemen, for your last lesson. Take a good long look at this, and get used to it, for you'll find one like it these days in any big office you enter.

HOW MONEY MAKES THE HACK GO.

FOR many springs boy valedictorians and sweet girl graduates have told us that character, genius, art and literature could not be bought by mere paltry, tainted money. But now it seems that these echo plumbines have been mistaken. In these days of so much per, so much per diem, per hour, per foot, per family, literature has been put on the same basis. In the good old days of long ago, *i.e.*, five years ago, magazine stories were bought *ensemble*. Then so much a word was paid, usually one cent. This being satisfactory to the litterateurs, and the

idea of so much per entering into story buying, the price rose in competition to five cents. And now to-day, the spirit of commercialism having so saturated literature, many magazines are offering twenty-five cents a word.

AT ONE CENT PER.

Miss Edgcombe was lying on the sand just out of reach of the waves. At her feet lay De Lancey Clavering heaping the sand into little piles just where the waves could melt them down.

"Why do you do that?" asked Miss Edgcombe.

"Because they are like my heart." De Lancey looked at her earnestly. "They are melted down before the waves like my heart is before your glances."

Then he leaned forward and caught her hand and held it until he had heaped a pile of sand upon it.

AT FIVE CENTS PER.

Miss Edgcombe was lying on the sand just out of reach of the waves, looking demurely at the sea. But her thoughts were not on the fleeting turquoise of the sea, for at her feet lay De Lancey Clavering. He was heaping the sand into little piles and watching the tricky waves bear them off.

"Why do you make those little piles?" asked Miss Edgcombe leaning forward and boring a hole in the sand with her forefinger.

The young man slowly raised his head, gazed into her liquid eyes a moment and then half-whispered earnestly: "Because they are like my heart. They are melted before the uncaring waves like my heart is before your glances."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a tone of agreeable surprise, dropping her eyes.

He leaned over and caught her hand and held it until he had slowly and deliberately heaped a pile of sand upon it.

AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER.

Miss Edgcombe was lying on the sand just out of reach of the waves. This was her first season at the shore; she was to leave for the city the next day. She was looking idly at the changing ripples that caught the evening sun's rays for a moment and then fled away from them. The rising and falling of the little shore waves reminded her of the mass of humans surging through the city streets. She was wondering if she had met anybody during the

THE RISK THAT REFUSED TO BE TAKEN.



VENTURESOME STRANGER.—I am an insurance agent, your highness—health, life and accident!

HIS HIGHNESS.—No difference. Me eat you.

VENTURESOME STRANGER.—Then, before you begin, let me insure you against dyspepsia, indigestion, liver trouble, enlargement of the spleen, appendicitis—



"Just my luck! I've lost him!"



LOOKING OVER THE NEWS.

summer whom she would think twice of when she was back in the big noisy city.

At her feet lay De Lancey Clavering, with whom she had danced, and bathed, and sketched the sea by moonlight, as she had done with a dozen more young men. He was heaping the loose, yielding sand into piles, letting it trickle out of his hands in little streams, and dreamily watching the eager waves come slowly up and then gleefully bear them off.

He was thinking of the next day when his companion would leave, and then there would be nothing for him to do but go back to the routine of the big city.

Miss Edgcombe half-sorrowfully broke the silence. "Why do you make those little piles?" She bent forward and bored a hole in the sand with her dainty forefinger.

The young man turned his head so that he could catch her eye and then whispered earnestly: "Because they are like my heart."

"How so?" she asked softly, letting her eyes fall and watching the sand slip back into the hole.

"Because they are—they are—"

She smiled delusively, and he went on.

"Because they are like your—no, because they are—"

He halted lamely. But she smiled encouragingly and he continued deter-



IN MOIST KENTUCKY.

MRS. SOFTSTUFF.—I'm afraid, Colonel, that you are contracting a terrible habit.

COLONEL RYSEH.—Contracting, Madame? Not at all; I am expanding one.

minedly: "Because they are melted down before the uncaring waves like my heart is before your glances."

"Oh!" she breathed in a tone of agreeable surprise, dotting holes with her forefinger and thumb.

He leaned over and caught her small hand tanned so tantalizingly and held it until he slowly and deliberately, without saying a word, but speaking with his eyes and tender grips, had heaped a pile of sand upon it.

Homer Croy.

DOUBLE CROSSED.

FREDDIE.—They have the no-breakfast fad around our house.

BOBBIE.—How do you stand it?

FREDDIE.—Pretty well, except when I'm bad and get sent to bed without any supper.

MOONSHINING.

THE DRUG DRUMMER.—How are the patent medicine exposures affecting your business?

THE RURAL DRUGGIST.—Darn bad! Ever since the foxy farmers discovered the ingredients of the leadin' brands they're makin' their own stuff!

CIVILIZATION has replaced the Indian whoop by the college yell, although a visitor from another planet might not recognize the improvement.

Convention pasteurizes the water from the well of Truth.

THE BRAZEN TRUMPET

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN PRECIOUS OINTMENT
ECCLESIASTES VII. 1



[SCENE I.—The exterior of a mansion near Fifth Avenue. A reception is going on. The usual

awning is up, and a hempen carpet is laid upon the sidewalk and the housesteps. From within come the strains of an orchestra, punctuated by subdued blasts from a trumpet. A cutting northwest wind is blowing, and the advance flakes of a snowstorm spot the shoulders of the curious throng that has gathered to watch the guests arrive. In the crowd are a DRESSMAKER and a MILLINER'S APPRENTICE. The former seems to have a visual acquaintance with the arriving guests, and communicates their names to her wondering friend. A carriage drives up and a young couple traverse the hempen carpet.]



THE DRESSMAKER.—That's Harry Rhinestone Van Breese. Lives in that grand house on the Avenyer I showed you on the way down. His name's in the papers every day. Don't you remember reading about the bachelor dinner he gave at the Saint Mammon Hotel?

THE APPRENTICE (*drawing her shawl tightly about her neck*).—Is that his wife? What a grand hat!

THE DRESSMAKER.—My! you ought to see her gowns! I helped to fit one. [ANOTHER CARRIAGE ARRIVES.] That's Howard Bradley Hunniford, the great cotillion leader. He's awfully rich and popular. They just can't do without him at Newport.

THE APPRENTICE (*admiringly*).—It's wonderful, Marie, the way you remember names and faces.

THE DRESSMAKER.—Oh, I've worked in lots of their houses. And then, you know, I read all the Sunday papers and the society journals. [ANOTHER CARRIAGE ARRIVES.] That's Mortimer Leffington Fitch, one of the richest bachelors in New York. His father died last year and left him ten millions. He got as much more from his uncle, Mr. Leffington.

THE APPRENTICE (*shivering, as a gust of wind cuts through her thin clothing*).—He looks mighty uppish, don't he.

THE DRESSMAKER.—Who would n't be uppish with such a swell name? [ANOTHER CARRIAGE ARRIVES.] That's Rosalie Hayne Winton. The Boston Wintons, you know. Came out this season, and all the men are wild over her. She's a grand dresser. That gown she's got on cost a lot more than a thousand dollars.

THE APPRENTICE.—My! ain't she haughty, though! She don't need no checkrein. She's got a swell name, too. They've all got swell names.

THE DRESSMAKER.—Yes; they all got swell names, and they got a right to be proud of them. Think of all they stand for. Well, everybody's come that's coming, I guess. Let's go home. My feet are like ice.

THE APPRENTICE (*coughing*).—I'm ice all over.

[SCENE II.—The interior of the mansion. A functionary in livery announces the guests, preceding each name with a melodious blast on a brazen trumpet. From a corner of the reception room a CYNIC and a POET watch the stream of notables. The trumpet calls.]

THE TRUMPETER.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rhinestone Van Breese!

THE CYNIC (*to the Poet*).—His father was a banker, and his operations brought about the collapse of half-a-dozen banks. He used the savings deposits of his own bank to finance his railroad

schemes. The depositors were *not* paid in full. He was never prosecuted; the case was smoothed over. Rhinestone, from whom young Van Breese gets his middle name, was his grandfather. He made his pile out of building contracts with old Tweed. Every dollar he made was a dishonest dollar.

THE POET.—Strange! Harry Rhinestone Van Breese did not whisper his name to the Trumpeter. I heard it distinctly from here.

THE TRUMPETER.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bradley Hunniford!

THE CYNIC.—His father was President of a life insurance company. After the inquiry he resigned and is now living abroad, as are two of the principal witnesses against him—at his expense. Howard gets his second name, Bradley, from his uncle, whose life-work consisted of taking his string of horses from one horse-show to another. Incidentally he invented a new cotillion figure, and ran away with a chorus girl.

THE POET.—Yet Howard Bradley Hunniford did not whisper his name to the Trumpeter. He almost bawled out.

THE TRUMPETER.—Mr. Mortimer Leffington Fitch!

THE CYNIC.—His father is Senator Fitch, who represents various vested interests on the floor of the United States Senate. He was the attorney for a gang that conspired to loot the public lands. He was also one of the heaviest subscribers to "Fads and Fancies." You may recall Leffington, who provides the young gentleman's middle name. He figured in a particularly racy divorce suit, and a year or so ago was shot in an apartment house by a friend who returned home unexpectedly. It was given out that he died of heart disease. The facts were never published. It was an inside story.

THE POET.—Yet Mortimer Leffington Fitch did not whisper his name to the Trumpeter! He held his head high.

THE TRUMPETER.—Miss Rosalie Hayne Winton!

THE CYNIC.—Winton made his millions in commercial assassination. He got his start by turning a dirty trick on his associates, and he has since ruined a hundred men. He represents everything despicable in modern business methods. Hayne was a grafter of the old school. He cut up one of the biggest melons that the board of aldermen ever feasted on. Two of the board were sent to the penitentiary, but Hayne died in the odor of sanctity, a vestryman of St. Anthony's Church.

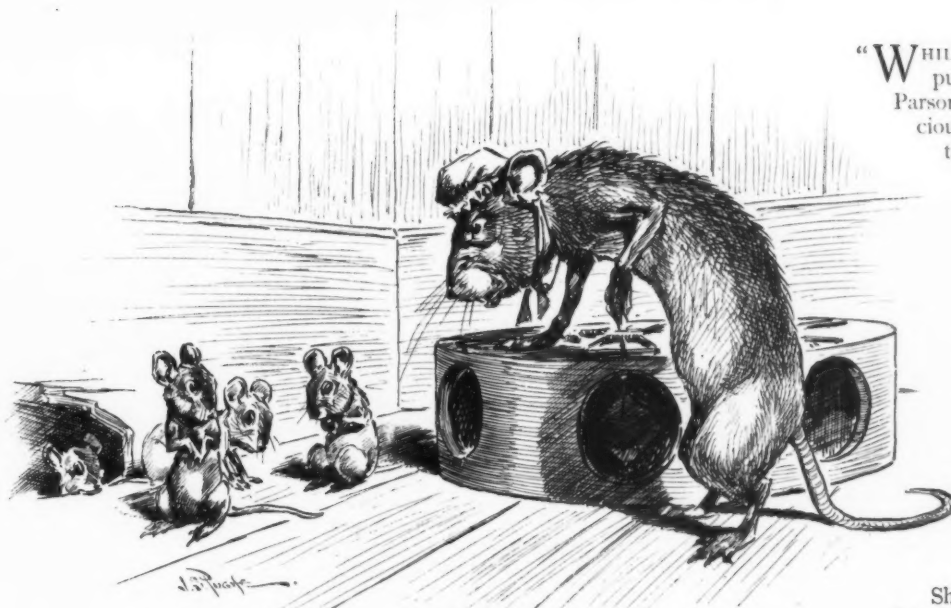
THE POET.—Yet Rosalie Hayne Winton did not whisper her name to the Trumpeter.

THE CYNIC.—No, my dear fellow. None of them whispers his name. And, when you come to think of it, that is one of the most astonishing of the phenomena of our social life.

B. L. T.

We are never old enough to know better until we are so old we can't.

PUCK



THE SUBWAY CRUSH.

MOTHER MOUSE.—Children, never, *never* take the Subway! It was at this entrance that your poor, dear father was killed.

"OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT."

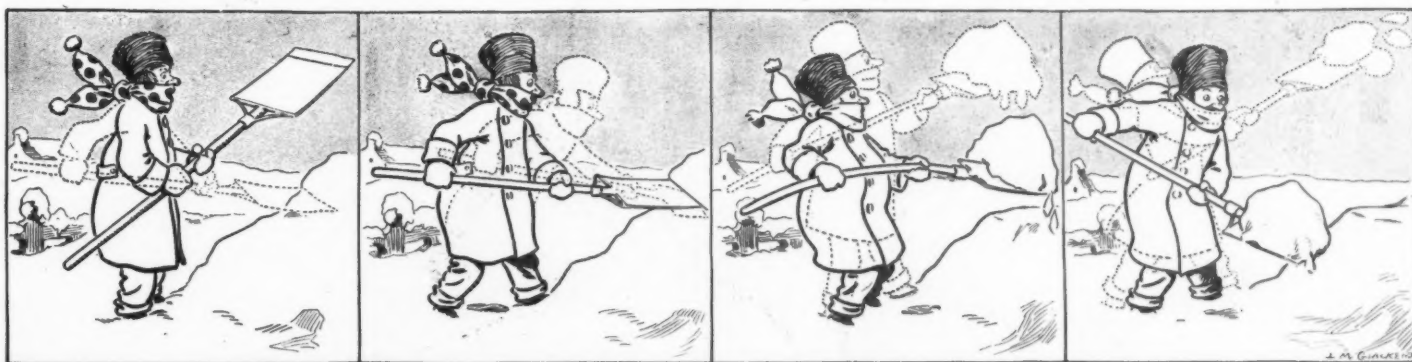
THE country scribbler, bless his ways
And bless his noble tribe! —
He has an old-time honored phrase
All functions to describe.
Be it a cock-fight or a play
'T is all the same, egad!
He takes his pen in hand to say,
"A pleasant time was had."

When neighbors come from near and far
To kill the festive hog
Or men convene to chase the "b'ar"
From out its native bog,
Or boys and girls prepare a fête
And gather gay and glad —
He takes his pen in hand to state,
"A pleasant time was had."

And when the powder-mill explodes
He 's right on hand, I ween,
To help pick fragments from the roads
And thus portray the scene:
"Bereaved relations raised their cries
And lamentations sad
And took it hard, but otherwise
A pleasant time was had."

Will S. Adkins.

HOW TO GET STRONG WITHOUT SPENDING A CENT.



I.
Grasp shovel firmly in both hands
and plant feet together, thus. Inflate
lungs to capacity and draw shovel
back, as in dotted lines.

II.
Throw weight forward on left foot
and plunge shovel briskly into snow.
Exhale, and take another deep
breath, not too fast.

III.
Extract shovel with steady rising
motion, thus bringing into play the
muscles of the arms and back. Avoid
rigidity. Let the body be supple.

IV.
Face front, right arm parallel with
shoulder, and then with a snappy
motion, elevate shovel in air, as
above. Repeat till Spring

CALLING HIM DOWN.

"**W**HILE I is n't namin' no names and don't aim to be
pussional in muh specifications," said good old
Parson Bagster, during a recent sermon. "I is boda-
ciously impelled to request a certain worthy brudder
to yuhafter please be a leetle mo' economical wid
his vociferation. It am all right to soah aloft
to a reasonable height in pra'r and praise, but
when a man sings so volcanically dat he
drowns de choir plumb out and causes de
constable to come uh-swaggerin' round after
he thinks de free fight am all over, and prays
so loud and numerous dat de Puhsidin' Elder
'nominates it a 'sturbance radder dan a sup-
plication, it am sho'ly 'ppropriate for dat anony-
mous brudder to take a tuck in his vocality.
De frivolous deems it funny, de devout am
shocked, and de sick and conflicted in de
neighborhood am 'sturbed of deir rest; and
it 'pears to me dat dat zealous but elaborate
brudder am elected to turn off his breath
'stid o' blowin' it out."

"Yassah! Yassah!" doggedly replied Brother
Shin paw, the culprit, rising in his place in the midst
of the congregation. "But I wants yo' to un'erstand,
sah, dat I 's a free and unlimited moral agent, and has de
right to worship de Lawd accordin' to de indica-
tions of muh own conscience, sah!"

"Yo' sho'ly is, muh brudder,"
replied the clergyman,
"and yo' also most
salaciously has!
Whuh we differ in de
matter am on de extent
of de longitude to be
puhmitted in de stretch-
in' of yo' conscience.
And I begs to elucidate
dat it ain't needer praise
nor worship to r'ar back and
holler at de Lawd like He was
a balky hoss! De hat will now
circumambulate th'oo de congrega-
tion. Hur-rumph!"

Tom P. Morgan.



OUT FOR A STROLL.

WHERE AND WHEREFORE.

THE patient at the clinic suddenly shook off the fumes of ether,
sat up on the operating table and said: "Where am I?"
When nobody answered he looked wildly into the faces of the
students who filled the amphitheater and cried out: "What am I
here for?"

And a voice from the rear benches replied: "For instance."

DIMINUENDO.

"**U**NCLE is n't quite so fast and furious when auntie 's with him."
"Oh, no. It 's uncle andante, then."



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

GULLIVER CLEVELAND AND THE WAI
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR PRESIDENT



THE WALL STREET BROBDINGNAGIANS.
OUR PRESIDENTS? — ANYTHING BUT THIS.

The Interurban Correspondence School of Profanity

Don't invite apoplexy! Acquire adequate expletives!
The safety valve for busy men.

Swearing is an Exact Science.

We teach it.
It saves the nerves. A choice vocabulary indispensable.
Get the right word—it saves time. Time is money.
Faculty replete with Teamsters, Motormen, Automobile Operators,
and other masters of this soothing science.

SPECIAL COURSES

(Put double cross opposite the object of your emotion.)

The Office Boy,	The Cook,	Wife's Relatives.
The Luck,	The Public,	The Coal Trust.

Our graduates may be found in every city owned by

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Send stamp for first lesson—a picture of the Weather Man.

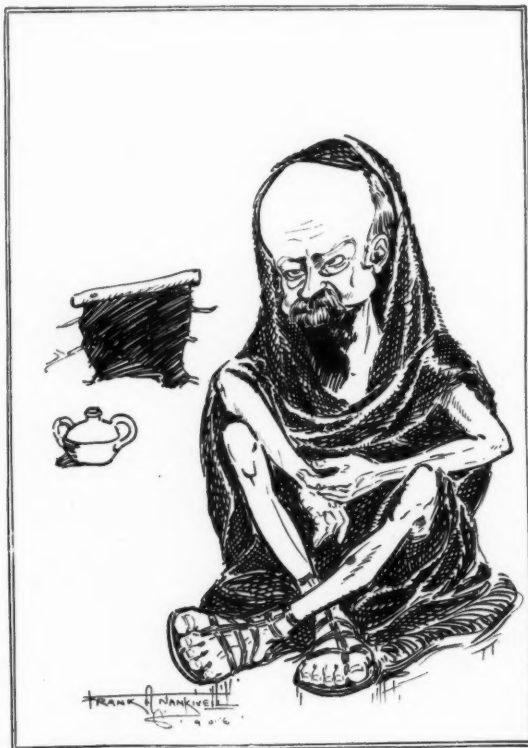
HYPOTHETICAL.

WHEN the captain remarked to the boatswain:
"Suppose your Creator had choatswain
To create you a cow, sir?"
Merely hitching his trouser,
The boatswain replied: "Wul, s'boatswain?"

MILLENNIAL.

"SOME DAY—it may be right around the corner, and it may be
as far off as the stars," said the Old Codger, after a season
of rumination,—"some day the people will scrutinize the man who
consents at the earnest solicitation of his many friends to accept a
political job as carefully as they inspect the animal offered 'em in a
horse swap."

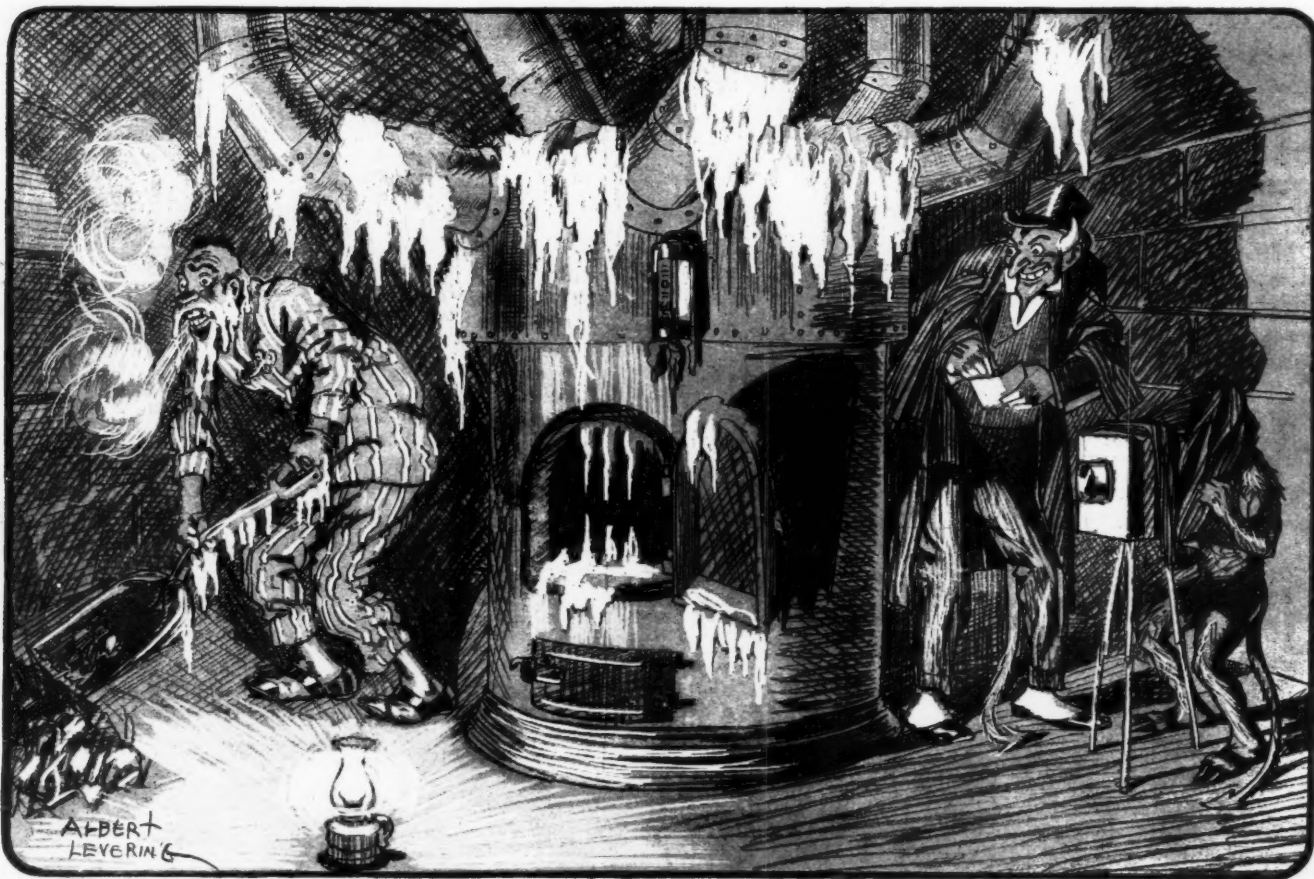
Had They Been Born Sooner.—VI.



THE HERMIT.

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

THE wise man (in trade) laughs (at his customers' jokes) and
grows fat (off the patronage they give him in consequence).



THINGS THAT BEAT

THE DEVIL (in the Suburban cellar).—I have never as yet let my furnace fires go out, but if I can give
my lodgers pleasure like this by doing so, there's going to be a big drop in temperature down below.

The Yeast

in Schlitz beer is a secret
—always the same; always
developed from the same
mother cells.

The peculiar goodness of
Schlitz is due in part to this
yeast. But more is due to purity
—to the cleanliness, the filtering,
the aging, the sterilizing. The
demand exceeds a
million barrels
annually.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

The Highest Grade
After-Dinner Liqueur



LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Known as Chartreuse

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

WILSON That's All!

CAN REMEDY THAT.

"Yes," he chattered, "I will love you just as much when you are old and gray!"

"Well," said she, decisively, "I may live to be old, but I'll never be gray!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GOOD many things come to the man who is so busy hustling that he has no time to wait.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is said Sarah Bernhardt has decided to make use of a circus tent in her tour of the South. In some respects Sarah is a three-ring circus.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

GEN. CHAFFEE has no desire to be a police commissioner of New York city. And yet the president of the United States did n't despise the job. And now see where he is!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE beef packers have engaged thirty-five lawyers to represent them in the trials before the Federal court in Chicago. The packers can afford the luxury, at the consumers' expense.—*Washington Post.*

DON'T be distressed by the report that automobiles are to be more costly next year. Inability to buy may save many a well-meaning chap from becoming a bankrupt as a result of the bill for maintenance and repairs.—*Indianapolis News.*

Americans with a discriminating
taste prefer

COOK'S CHAMPAGNE Imperial

Foreign Champagnes cost twice
as much because they are obliged
to pay duty and ship freight.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

The best place for
Rest, Recreation or Recuperation

at this season is

ATLANTIC CITY

and the new Fireproof

CHALFONTE

is especially well equipped
to supply the wants of those
who come to secure them.

Write for Illustrated Folder
and Rates to

The Leeds Company

Always Open

On the Beach

PUCK PROOFS

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZWANN



SISTER.
By O'Neill.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

IN response to an almost universal request from the many admirers of "O'NEILL," GORDON H. GRANT, STUART TRAVIS, J. S. PUGHE and other PUCK Artists, we have arranged to supply handsome, enlarged reproductions of their best work in PUCK at

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PHOTOGRAVURES

FROM PUCK

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZWANN



BEFORE THE GAME. Photogravure in Sepia, 15x19½ in.
By Stuart Travis. **PRICE ONE DOLLAR.**

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZWANN



PLAYING HOOKEY.
By John Cassel.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

PUCK PROOFS are enlarged reproductions in Photogravure on heavy artists' proof paper, with wide margin, and, when suitably framed, will make very appropriate decorations for the

Parlor, Library or "Den."

Twenty-Seven Titles Now Ready. ➤ Send for Descriptive Circular.

The trade supplied by
THE ANDERSON MAGAZINE CO.,
32 Union Square, New York.

PUCK PROOFS may be had at all leading Art Stores, or they will be mailed from this office on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York
295-309 Lafayette Street

THE MUSICAL SAWYER.



ONCE UPON a time there was a buzz sawyer who was so musical in his tastes that he frequently broke into a jig to the weird monotonous shriek of the saw as it whizzed through the piece of wood which he deftly guided. It is therefore not greatly to be wondered at that he performed a lively and exquisitely beautiful saraband one day when an organ grinder paused beside the open window at which he was employed, and started up a tune of so lively a measure that it was enough to set a pair of empty shoes a-dancing. As the sawyer swayed to the magic music he looked like one who had

been suddenly touched by a fairy wand and transformed from a coalcart driver into a coal baron. His fellow laborers in the kindling wood mill paused with the easy grace of salaried workmen, to watch the queer Terpsichorean antics of which the performer was probably unconscious, especially when the organ grinder's arboreal acolyte paused on the window sill and beat his financial porringer in the ecstasies of a boundless joy, and shrieked a rapturous shriek while the wind toyed with his amethystine side-whiskers. The expert of and in kindling woodcraft, paused neither in his dancing nor in his work, for it seemed that the organ grinder, while winding the crank, continued to wind him up, so that he could not stop dancing so long as the swarthy, grinning Tuscan kept up the process of whirling the handle. But while he danced he turned his eyes from his work and addressed the delighted simian in unusually complimentary terms. The monkey bowed and scraped in anticipation of the coin for which he was already projecting the gaping cup, when the dancer gave a sudden jump accompanied by a shrill shriek, which convinced all beholders that his left hand would never again be need of a finger bowl.

The moral of this little fable teaches us that we should never attempt to do two things at the same time unless we can so split our organ of vision as to cover both of the said things simultaneously. It also teaches us that while we monkey with the buzz we should not buzz with the monkey, and that while we buzz with the monkey we should not monkey with the buzz.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A BROAD HINT.

MR. HANGON.—There is a certain air the band plays that always sets my feet to marching.

MISS YAWN.—I wonder if there is any hope that a band will come this way to-night.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Did he lose his money?"

"No; only his reputation."

"Ah, well, that's not so bad—he can buy that back!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GIRL has a lot of confidence in the veracity of a young man who tells her she is the sweetest thing that ever happened.—*Chicago Daily News.*



FADS.

"Wot does dey mean by 'fads' in de public schools, Jimmy?"

"Aw, readin', writin', 'rithmetic, gography, hist'ry, grammar an' all dem kin' o' things."

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

THE LAND OF THE PHAROS
is now exemplified in America by the manufacture in this country
of the world-famous

NESTOR

(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston)

CIGARETTES

Per
Package

Their true Oriental delicacy that it is impossible to imitate, makes them the favorite of connoisseurs. The made-in-America price places them within the reach of all. We strongly recommend buying in tins of 50 and 100.

25^c

Sold by all Clubs, Hotels and Prominent Dealers

NESTOR GIANACIS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.

BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beckman Street, NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

STOP WASTING GASOLINE.

A weak uncertain current, such as the average battery gives, wastes enough gasoline to pay for an Apple Automatic Sparker. No switches, no lelets, no Batteries for starting or running. It cures all ignition faults, and furnishes a strong, healthy spark all the time. Write us for more information, and see us at the N. Y. and Chicago Automobile Shows. The Dayton Electrical Bldg., Co., 142 Beaver Bldg., Dayton, O.



PUBLICITY.

Publicity is highly prized
When you are kindly advertised.
But it produces consternation

When brought you by investigation.
—*Washington Star.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is said to be planning to make a trip around the world after his term of office expires. That's all right, Colonel Bryan got ahead of him there.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

JUDGING BY PRECEDENT.

"This book of yours is full of rank nonsense," said the publisher.

"In that case," answered the author, "I shall have to ask for a larger royalty. It's success is assured."—*Washington Star.*

A Brilliant Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

by the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL

and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PRICE IN HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING ONE DOLLAR

All Booksellers, or mailed anywhere on receipt of price by
PUCK, New York

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald.*



An IMPROMPTU DANCE With an EDISON PHONOGRAPH

YOU can have a dance any time, anywhere, if you own an Edison Phonograph. Unexpected visitors, neighbors, or your children can be most acceptably and economically entertained in this manner. Everybody may dance, because no one need play a piano. You start the Phonograph and it plays to the end of the Record without attention.

EDISON Dance Records

were made under the direction of a well-known dance master, and are correct in style and tempo. The lancers are furnished with or without calls. Between the dances you may entertain your guests by playing appropriate amusement records.

Here is the opportunity to learn to dance or teach a friend in your own home, without embarrassment and at little cost. Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear some Dance Records, a complete list of which will be mailed from our Orange, N. J., office, on request.

National Phonograph Company

43 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London

I. C. S. Language Courses Taught With Edison Phonographs

Latest Gold Moulded Records—Now on Sale at Your Dealer's

9170 The Choristers Edison Concert Band	9182 I'm a Woman of Importance Ada Jones
9171 Somebody's Sweetheart I Want to Be Harlan	9183 Ly-Tydeley-Tydeley Um Favor
9172 Fritzzy and Louisa (Vanderbilt) Jones & Spencer	9184 Paddle Your Own Canoe Collins and Harlan
9173 A Lovely Night in June—Bella Benler	9185 It Blew! Blew! Blew! Schottische
9174 I'm Getting Sleepy—Coco Song Collins	Edison Concert Band
9175 If a Girl Like You Loved a Boy Like Me MacDonough	9186 Robin Redbreast Marie Narelle
9176 Hebrew Vandyette Specialty Julian Rose	9187 Good-Bye, "Dixie" Dear McDonough and Biehling
9177 Lights Out March Edison Military Band	9188 Yankee Doodle Billy Murray
9178 Miss Mary Gillette	9189 A Gay Gossoon—Benjo Solo Ossman
9179 The Load That Father Carried Roberts	9190 Take Me to Your Heart Again Barrow
9180 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour Anthony & Harrison	9191 Barnyard Serenade Spencer and Holt
9181 Forget Me Not Edison Symphony Orchestra	9192 The Jolly Blacksmiths Edison Male Quartette
	9193 Fol-the-rol-lol Medley Edison Military Band

TRAINING THE BOY.

"I saw you punishing your boy to-day. What was it all about?"
"I caught him in a lie."
"Oh! Well, you can't expect a boy to tell the truth all the time."
"I know, but when he does n't tell the truth I want him to be bright enough not to be caught at it."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SOME people wait until their friends are dead before beginning the distribution of kind words and flowers.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

Keep in de straight road day by day,
A-singin' of yo' song;
W'en de harricane hits you, thank de Lawd

De earquake did n't come 'long!

Keep in de straight road—what I say,
W'en de sky is frownin' black;
W'en de lightnin' come wid de thunder-drum

Keep out de lightnin' track!

Keep in de straight road—young en gray,

"T well you say ter de yuther side—
W'en de curtain drop, en de chariot stop—

"I ready ter take dat ride!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

IN DISGRACE.

"Nobody wants me!" sighed the apple.

"What's the matter?" said the pear. "You look pretty good!"

"I know it," admitted the apple, "but some one found out that I was grafted fruit."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Supreme After-Dinner Cordial



LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES
Rheinstrom Bros. Cincinnati, U. S. A.



A DEEP GRIEVANCE.

REYNARD.—Hello, there, Bunny, why are n't you at school?

BUNNY.—I ran away. They would n't teach me elocution because they said I had a hare lip.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

Bunner's Short Stories . . .



H. C. BUNNER

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

Five Volumes in Paper, - \$2.50 } or separately { Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50
" " in Cloth, - 5.00 } as follows: { " " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,
or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

Carnival of the Mardi Gras

New Orleans, February 26th to 28th

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

offers delightful sea trip on
elegant passenger steamship

COMUS

from New York, Feb. 21st, arriving
New Orleans in time for gala festi-
vities February 26th, 27th, and 28th.

Connections made at New Orleans
with steamer for Havana, or with
rail lines for all points in

Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona
California.

INQUIRE

At New York, 170 Washington St.
Philadelphia, 632 Chestnut St.
Baltimore, Piper Building,
New York, 349 Broadway
Syracuse, 212 West Washington St.



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe
its delights."

Why?

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly
seasoned.

Age improves flavor; adds mildness; pre-
vents biting.

In the blending, seven countries, from
Latakia to America, are called upon.

Made since 1876.

Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself
—nothing so rich in flavor—so exila-
rating in quality. A mild stimulant.

The Delight, The Pleasure when it dawns
on you will be lasting.

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

THE SURBRUG CO., New York City

RHETORICAL INCREASE.

The orator whom well we know
Is under way once more;
The man who makes two words to grow
Where there was one before.

—Washington Star.

EXPLAINED.

BACON.—I see your company has
increased its capital?

EGBERT.—Yes; I guess the Presi-
dent is going to raise his salary.—
Yonkers Statesman.

Most of the letter writing done in
this country is unnecessary. From one
point of view, postage is altogether too
cheap.—Somerville Journal.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers' Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"When this I drink, all sorrows o'er,
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind."
—Anacreon.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793



MAY BE TRUE.

There was once a little boy
Who was very, very good;
I hope you will believe this,
Though I hardly think I could.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE new mayor of Boston is-
sued an inaugural address of
nearly 20,000 words. He may
be President some day.—Atlanta
Constitution.

FALLS.

LAWYER.—It gives me pleasure to
inform you, Mr. Hogan, that you
have fallen heir to \$50,000.

MRS. HOGAN.—Glory be, Moike!
That makes up for th' fall yez had
from the ladder!

This Train Runs Over Salt Water

To cut two hours off the trip to Cali-
fornia, tracks have been laid across Great
Salt Lake,—on strong piling, of course.
That's one reason why the

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific

Overland Limited is three meals shorter to San Fran-
cisco, via Omaha, than any other way. Just save this
time and money on your trip to

California

There's pleasure and profit in a trip to California
—either or both.

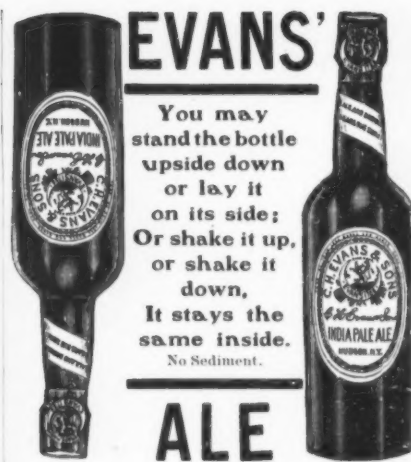
Everyone should know about it.
For full information inquire of

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
Omaha, Neb.

EVANS'

You may
stand the bottle
upside down
or lay it
on its side;
Or shake it up,
or shake it
down,
It stays the
same inside.
No Sediment.

ALE



THE FANCY VEST.

It's a beautiful vest he wears,
Of red on a background gray;
And a puff tie, too, bursts into view,
'T is the fashion, so they say.

Oh, beautiful, fancy vest,
Your feelings I'd not hurt;
But it seems to me that you may be
Concealing a dirty shirt.

Oh, wonderful puff tie, too,
You help in this small deceit;
For a vest and tie, sometimes may be
To give an appearance neat.

And you never can always tell,
And you never can always know;
For the outer shine, though it be so fine,
May cover the dross below.

—Detroit Free Press.

"SHE SITS FOREVER IN THE SUN."

There was sunshine part of each of
three hundred and fifty-seven (357)
days last year at Colorado Springs;
the New York Central Lines ticket
you via Chicago, Cincinnati, or St.
Louis to Colorado—Utah—California
and the Pacific Coast.—Adm.

BOUND VOLUMES OF PUCK

1905 COMPLETE

BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES

CLOTH, \$7.50

HALF MOROCCO, \$9.00

We also bind Subscribers' Copies, in
Cloth, at \$1.25; or, in Half
Morocco, at \$2.00 per volume.

ADDRESS PUCK, NEW YORK

SUBSIDIZED.

"Her little brother is such a cute
youngster."

"Oh, he is. That's funny. Bing-
ham told me that he was the meanest
little cub that ever hid under a sofa."

"Bingham did n't use the right kind
of diplomacy in dealing with him."

"What kind do you use?"

"Ten cents a day and twenty cents
on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SILK BANNERS FLAGS, EMBLEMS, &c.

C. W. FOSTER, Manfr., 361 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE SAVAGE OPERA COMPANY.

PAPEETE, TAHITI, Jan. 24.—The grand opera season in the Society Islands was opened by the Savage Opera Company last evening, with "Lohengrin." The display of gowns and jewels on the boxes was unusually brilliant. Mrs. O. Naturel wore all her famous jewels, including a new brass nose ring. Mrs. Koko-Oiriches' shell stomacher created a sensation. Miss Dodo Dandarine revived

the fashion of carrying a tennis racquet, and chief Nottahook caused quite a buzz with a Waterbury alarm clock. Other Society faces on the boxes were Mrs. Poly Phenus, Prince Kaliko Rappa of Maitia, Waldorf Koko-Nuit, Mrs. Brown-Buff and Mrs. Kola-Kola. Among those on the beach were Reginald Ostermoor, Princess Casareta and Miss Creamie Brown. The opera seemed to be enjoyed.

